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intruder's business, and to wonder that he would not prefer giving a single rap with the brass knocker, as was the wont of persons in his grade of society, instead of sledging away at the door like a "peep-o'-day boy."

"Yer honour will excuse my bouldness," said Paddy, taking off his hat, and scraping the mud before and behind him a full yard; "excuse my bouldness, for I never seed such curifixes on a dure afore, an' I would'n't throuble yer honour's house at all at all, only in regard of a taste of goods that I was tould would *shoot* yer honour. Ye can have it, a yinusal, for less than nothing, 'case I don't find myself in heart to push on farther; for the baste is slow, the crathur, an' myself that's saying it, making buttons for fear o' the guager."

"Who, might I ask," said the astonished officer of excise, "directed you here to sell smuggled tobacco?"

"A very honest gentleman, but a bad buyer, over the bridge, sir. He'd give but five pound for what cost myself tin—forever dhota, that I had ever had a hand in it! I put the half year's rint in it, yer honour; and my thirteen femul grawls an' their mother, God help 'em, will be soon on the sachrawn. I'll never go home without the tin pound, any how. High hanging to ye, Shane Glas, ye tallow-faced thief, that sint me smuggling. O! Jillian, 'tis sogering I'll soon be, with a gun an' my shoulder."

"Shane Glas!" said the exciseman; "do you know Shane Glas; I'd give ten pounds to see the villain."

"'Tis myself does, yer honour, an' could put yer finger an him, if I had ye at Tubber-na-Treenoda, saving yer presence; but as I was setting away, he was lying undher an ould quilt, an' I heard him telling that the priest said he had spotted faver enough for a thousand min."

"That villain will never die of spotted fever, in my humble opinion," said the exciseman.

"A good judgment in yer mouth, sir, achree. I heard the rogue himself say, 'Bad cess to the thief! that a cup-tosser tould him he'd die of stoppage of breath.' But wont yer honour allow me to turn in the lafe o' tibacey?"

The officer of excise was struck with deep indignation at the villany of him who would ruin a comparatively innocent man when he failed in circumventing him, and was resolved to punish his treachery. "My good fellow" said he, "you are now before the guager you dread so much, and I must do my duty, and seize upon the tobacco. However, it is but common justice to punish the false-hearted traitor that sent you hither. Go back quickly, and say that he can have the lot at his own terms; I shall follow close, and yield him the reward of his treachery. Act discreetly in this good work of biting the biter, and on the word of a gentleman I shall give you ten pounds more."

Paddy was on his knees in a twinkling, his hands uplifted in the attitude of prayer, and his mouth opened, but totally unable between terror and delight to utter a syllable of thanks.

"Up, I say," exclaimed the exciseman, "up and be doing; go earn your ten pounds, and have your sweet revenge on the thief that betrayed you."

Paddy rapidly retraced his steps, ejaculating as he went along, "O, the noble gentleman, may the Lord make a bed in Heaven for his sowl in glory! O, that chating imposthor, 'twas sinding the fox to mind the hins sure enough. O, high hanging to him of a windy day!—the informer o' the world, I'll make him sup sorrow."

"Have you, seen the gentleman I directed you to?" said Mr Pigtail.

"Arrah, sir dear, whin I came to the bridge an looked about me, I thought that every roughish-looking fellow I met was the thief of a guager, an' thin afther standing a while, quite amplushed, with the botheration and the dread upon me. I forgot yer friend's name, an' so kim back agin to ax it, if ye please."

"You had better take the five pounds than venture again; there's a guager in town, and your situation is somewhat dangerous."

"A guager in town!" cried Paddy Corbett, with well-affected surprise, "Isas Mauri! what'll I do at all at all? now I'm a gone man all out. Take it for any thing ye like, sir dear, an' if any throuble like this should ever come down an ye, it will be a comfort an' a raycreation to yer heart to know that ye had a poor man's blessing, *avick delish machree*, an' I give it to ye on the knees of my heart, as ye desared it, an' that it may go in yer road, an' yer childre's road, late an' early, eating an' dhinking, lying an' rising, buying an' selling."

Our story has approached its close: the tobacco was safely stowed inside, in order to be consigned to Mr Pigtail's private receptacle for such contraband articles. Paddy had just pocketed his five pounds, and at that moment in burst Mr Prywell. The execration which ever after pursued the tobaccoist for his treacherous conduct, and the heavy fine in which he was amerced, so wrought upon his health and circumstances, that in a short time he died in extreme poverty. His descendants became homeless wanderers, and it is upon record, among the brave and high-minded men of Duhallo, that Jeffrey Pigtail of Kanturk was the only betrayer that ever disgraced the barony.

E. W.

SPEED ON RAILWAYS.—In the first of a course of lectures on railways, delivered in the early part of last year at Manchester by Dr Lardner, he gave the following account of the speed attained by locomotive engines at different periods: "Since the great questions which had been agitated respecting the effect which an increased width of rails would have on railway transit, and the effect which very large drawing wheels, of great diameter, would have on certain railways, the question of very vastly increased speed had acquired considerable interest. Very recently two experiments had been made, attended with most surprising results. One was the case of the Monmouth express. A dispatch was carried from Twyford to London on the Great Western Railway, a distance of thirty miles, in thirty-five minutes. This distance was traversed very favourably, and being subject to less of those casual interruptions to which a longer trip would be liable, it was performed at the rate of six miles in seven minutes, or six-sevenths of a mile in one minute (very nearly fifty-one and a half miles an hour). He had experimented on speed very largely on most of the railways of the country, and he had never personally witnessed that speed. The evaporating power of those engines was enormous. Another performance, which he had ascertained since he arrived in this neighbourhood, showed that great as was the one just mentioned, they must not ascribe it to any peculiar circumstance attending the large engines and wide gauge of the Great Western Railway. An express was dispatched a short time since from Liverpool to Birmingham, and its speed was stated in the papers. One engine, with its tender, went from Liverpool, or rather from the top of the tunnel at Edge Hill, to Birmingham, in two hours and thirty-five minutes. But he had inquired into the circumstances of that trip, and it appeared that the time the engine was actually in motion, after deducting a variety of stoppages, was only one hour and fifty minutes in traversing ninety-seven miles. The feat on the Great Western was performed on a dead level, while on the Grand Junction the engine first encountered the Whiston incline, where the line rises 1 in 96 for a mile and a half; and after passing Crewe, it encountered a plane of three miles to the Madeley summit, rising 20 feet a mile, succeeded by another plane, for three miles more, rising 30 feet a mile; yet with all these impediments it performed the ninety-seven miles in one hour and fifty minutes, or 110 minutes; consequently the distance traversed in each minute was 97 divided by 110, or 52 10-11ths, nearly 53 miles an hour—a speed which, he confessed, if he had not evidence of it, he could scarcely have believed to be within the bounds of mechanical possibility. The engine which performed this feat had driving wheels of 5½ feet diameter; their circumference would be 17½ feet. Taking the speed at 53 miles an hour, it was within a very minute fraction of 80 feet in a second of time. This was not the greatest speed of the engine, but the average speed spread over 97 miles. and there could be little doubt that it must have exceeded sixty miles an hour during a considerable portion of the distance."

That man should be happy, is so evidently the intention of the Creator, the contrivances to that end are so multitudinous and so striking, that the perception of the aim may be called universal. Whatever tends to make men happy, becomes a fulfilment of the will of God. Whatever tends to make them miserable, becomes opposition to his will.—*Harriet Martineau.*

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